

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



I bought a German Sheppard two years ago. A friend had some puppies and offered to sell me one. I had always wanted a dog, never had one and decided why not? He was a great pet. We would go for walks and he would keep me company on nights when I didn't have my kids staying over. Plus my kids loved him. He listened well and never gave me a hard time. Maybe some unwanted face licking, usually in the morning when he wanted out and I was still asleep. He seemed to know that would immediately wake me up. My children named him George. I know not why. But it actually seemed to fit him.

Living alone and not always having a steady girlfriend (they all hated being second in line behind my kids), I had a habit of finding ways to keep myself entertained. My toy collection grew over the years since my divorce. It wasn't intentional, it just sort of happened. I'd see a toy online, think it looked cool and buy it. When I received it I'd play with it for a few days or weeks and then put it in my collection. Rarely to be used ever again.

I read about self bondage on the internet and I quickly became a fan. I felt some weird need to try it. Once I tried it I fell in love. The helplessness. The frustration. The horniness that inevitably became part of every scenario I tried. It was all good. I learned quickly that being tied, cuffed or restricted meant I had to keep the bedroom door closed. My dog was a nosy kind of guy and nothing would ruin a good scenario for me than having him try to bound into the room looking to play when all I wanted to do was try to get out of my self inflicted bondage or bask in the glow of being restrained.

About six months ago I saw plans for a locking stand on the internet. I knew as I read about it and saw the pictures that I would have to build one myself. To me it was simple and ingenious. You would be restricted, yet have a possible way to cum while in bondage.

After failing to do anything about building it for about 5 months, I finally constructed my small stand on a piece of plywood approximately 3' by 5' to which I could lock myself on. The base was to prevent me from tipping over. I could attach myself in a kneeling position and still rest my torso lengthwise on the two foot high stand. My arms would be locked underneath me with my elbows resting on two small foam pads. My legs would be attached to the backside of the stand with my knees also on two small foam pads. In this position my knees would actually be outside of my elbows. On the back of the stand my penis would be pointed straight down against the back. I attached some leather to the back so that I could grind myself against the stand in hope of achieving orgasm while locked.

My wrists and ankles would be cuffed to the base. Leather straps were attached to hold my knees and elbows down. The knees could be locked down fairly easily. Elbows would come next, with the first elbow easily strapped down. The second elbow would be tricky. My solution was to use a one way ratcheting device which I bought at my local Home Depot. With it I could slide my elbow into the loop and use my teeth to tighten it. At that point closing the handcuffs around the post underneath me would complete the self bondage. My release was an ice timer. Attached to the ceiling would be a ring and a sock full of ice which also held the keys to the handcuffs. When the ice melted the sock would fall through the ring and drop the key right in front of me. I could then unlock my cuffs, undo the strap holding my first elbow in place and proceed to reverse the ratcheting device and free myself.

I was going to do this bondage on a Saturday on my off weekend. I tested it without actually locking my wrists to see how it felt being locked into that position and for that length of time. It was wonderful. I got aroused being in that position knowing that I would soon be locked in that position. My hard on was kept pointed straight down and I rubbed it against the stand as much as possible in an attempt to cum. Although I could get close, I couldn't get myself over the edge. With my movements restricted to almost zero I knew this devious contraption would frustrate me beyond

belief. I could hardly wait to actually lock myself in and go through with this. Afterwards I did some tinkering for comfort. I added some more foam padding for my knees and elbows. If I was going to be locked in this thing for a few hours, I needed to make sure I wouldn't get sore on the pressure points. And though I could rest my chest and stomach on the small stand, my knees and elbows still bore some of the weight. I also added a strap around the middle which would help keep me even more immobile, if that was even possible.

I tested it 3 more times each time not fully locking myself in. I would cuff my feet, strap down my legs and put my arms in the straps. I would simply not cuff my hands so I was able to end the practice session anytime I wanted. All three of those times I had George right outside the door wanting to get in but unable. All three of those times I could get myself close to cumming, but never over the top. Each time when I could not withstand the frustration I would undo myself from the stand and get myself off immediately.

I decided that Saturday would be the day. I pulled the pieces out of my garage (with kids around I could not leave it in the bedroom) on Friday night. I put the device together and just stared at it once again. I could almost hear it calling my name. I spent a restless night sleeping knowing that I had no responsibilities the following day. I would do my chores in the morning and once completed I was going to lock myself to that stand.

I did my shopping and did some laundry. I laughed at myself for almost running through the store grabbing food as quickly as I could. It wasn't as if the stand would disintegrate. And I had all day to do a self bondage session. But still I did not want to waste any time. I should have just done the shopping the next day. Oh well. Always a creature of habit. Once my food was put away, George was fed and my laundry folded I was ready.

I stripped naked and went down to the kitchen to grab my ice. I put the ice into a sock and set up the timer so it would fall right in front of me. I figured with the amount of ice I used I had at least two hours before the key would fall. I was fully erect while setting this up. My excitement was off the scale.

I was interrupted by George, who came into the room to join me. I quickly shooed him out and closed the door. I even locked it. With his lack of an opposable thumb I was not sure why locking it made me feel any safer. I could hear him lay down outside the door. I checked the ice timer one more time. It was set up perfectly. I knelt down and started in. I strapped my knees to the base, locked the ankle cuffs on. I added a ball gag for good measure. It always increased my feeling of helplessness. And I loved the fact that drool would eventually work its way out and down my face. I tightened the body strap around my middle. I slipped my arms through the loops in the straps. I tightened down my right arm and put my left arm into the special strap with the ratcheting device. I pulled it tight with my teeth. I was now ready for the cuffs to officially lock me into the stand for the next few hours. I clicked one cuff closed and using the stand for leverage I pushed the other cuff closed. I felt an extreme rush. I always got that same rush whenever I closed up the final cuff. I was now trapped. No escape until the ice melted and my key dropped. I reveled in the helpless feeling. I ground my cock against the leather. I was hoping for some relief, but at the same time I almost didn't want to cum. Knowing me if I came I would lose all my horniness and desperately want out of this predicament. Yet I continued to try to grind away with my cock. There was a little friction, but there wasn't enough. All I succeeded in doing was increase my frustration. I decided that the next time I tried this I would attach my magic wand in some way to make me cum early and often. Maybe not often, but definitely early.

My thoughts were interrupted by George. He suddenly decided that he would start whining and clawing at the door. Perhaps my moans caused his reaction. I'll never know. I told him to stop. Well,

I made some noise. I could not form words around the ball gag. He did stop for a few minutes and then started up again. I made some angry muffled noise, but this time he ignored me. I heard him push against the door and I also heard the door give way and swing open. I was facing away from the door, but in came George. Damn. I knew I had closed and locked the door. The damn thing was obviously not closed completely. The bolt must not have fully engaged. Regardless here was George walking around me, checking me out. I muttered angrily, but he sensed that I could not make him leave. He put his face right up in front of mine and licked. I could not get away from him or his tongue. He licked some more and I had to endure it. He tired of that and walked around me. My long awaited self bondage scenario was quickly ruined. He sniffed at me and circled me. His curiosity was beginning to annoy me. He came around and licked my face again. I muttered "Get out." But even I would have had no idea what I said had I been on the listening end. The voice inflections were there. The articulation was not.

He walked around me and he went behind me. I felt his wet snout touch me on my side. And then I felt him near my ass. It suddenly occurred to me how vulnerable I was. I was locked to this stand for about two more hours. My ass was perfectly positioned and completely exposed. However, George was a virgin. He had no knowledge of sex. So I wasn't too concerned. And then it happened. He gave me a long lick right above the underside of my balls and over my exposed ass. I stopped struggling against my bonds. My concentration moved to George doing what he wanted and me being unable to do anything about it.

He sniffed some more and licked me again. I had forgotten about my cock for a minute. Now I became very aware of how hard it had again become. The sensation of being licked in that place and the knowledge of my complete inability to get away from it wreaked havoc in my mind. It was pleasurable. It was also bizarre.

Before I had a chance to think about this any more George decided to start a continuous lick. His tongue was on my ass. It was on my balls. He even licked my cock as it pointed downward. It felt really fucking good. I tried to grind my cock against the leather but could not move it very much. George's licking was phenomenal. When he licked the underside of my cock head I thought I had died and gone to heaven. It threw a wave of pleasure through my body that I had never experienced before. I groaned loudly and it seemed to encourage him to concentrate on that spot. He was relentless in his tongue assault on my cock. The more I moaned the more he licked that spot. And wouldn't you know, within a minute I felt that familiar feeling in my cock and in my balls. This damn dog was going to make me cum. He was going to make me cum! When I realized he was in complete control of my orgasm I knew I had reached the point of no return. As my cock built towards an orgasm I found that it was a feeling I had never felt before. Instead of top of my cock head getting all the friction and that bringing me off, it was the underside of my cock head, from the tip to my circumcision scar that was bringing on this orgasm. Not only was I feeling it in my balls it was my whole body that felt like it was coming. I shook on the stand grinding my cock against the leather. I pushed forward so I could get the base of my cock to feel more pressure against the back of the stand. I felt a warm rush and it hit me. I was cumming. Hard! I was squirting straight down the end of the stand. I moaned louder than I have ever moaned before. It was incredible! I was shaking and pulling at my bonds. The bonds held tight. However, my loud moans startled George and he suddenly stopped licking. The sudden lack of his tongue sent me into a frenzy. I mumbled for him to keep going.

Whether he was listening to me or not didn't matter. What mattered was that he went back to his licking. He was lapping up my cum from the base where it had puddled and back up to my cock. I continued moaning and pulling at my bonds to no avail. Within 30 seconds I reached the point all guys reach where the cock is too sensitive to want any more pleasure. We were now working at cross purposes. Poor George wanted nothing more than to get the entire drink I was providing him. I

wanted nothing more than to have my cock left alone. I was quickly reminded that I had no control in this situation. George kept licking. My only possible reaction was to pull at my bonds and moan. I also begged him to stop. It had no impact on him. My only job here was to go along for the ride. I was at his mercy. I continued to struggle to get away from George while he continued to lick. I wondered if this was going to drive me insane.

Finally, since I had stopped squirting any more cum his drink was gone and he mercifully stopped his assault on my cock. I was sweating and still moaning. Only now I moaned for the relief he had granted me. The relief that his assault stopped. I noticed that my hair was wet and my body covered in sweat. I was dribbling around my ball gag. I was still locked tight to my beloved stand. I had no way to get out until those keys dropped. I tried to look up, but I could not lift my head high enough to see what progress the melting ice had made. I knew it was melting though because there was a small wet puddle in front of me.

George came around to my front and started licking my face once again. As disgusting as it was to have him lick my face, I was not repulsed now. Hell, he got me off so fucking much harder than I could have done. Harder than I have ever cum inside a woman. Now his licking made me laugh. His tongue darted around my mouth and the gag cleaning up the spilled drool. It made me feel quite submissive as it was something he wanted to do and I did not do anything to deny him, bound as I was. It was then that I noticed his cock was poking out of his sheath. His lipstick was showing. Not only was it showing it was poking way out and hard as a rock. I felt bad for him. I thought if I could have helped him with his "problem" I would have. No doubt at that moment.

However, he knew for what he was searching. In no time he went around behind me and jumped right up on my back. I am not sure why that thought had not occurred to me previously. It was probably due to knowing he had never had sex before. I didn't think he would know how. But when he mounted me I became keenly aware of exactly what he wanted. He wanted to cum himself and it was me he wanted to mate. I tried to verbally assert myself. I yelled through my gag for him to get down. He was not going to have any of that. I was helpless to stop him and I am sure he knew it. I felt his claws dig into my sides. His claws were digging hard into my sides. That hurt, but felt good at the same time. The strength I felt from him was powerful. He had a death grip on me. My ass was exposed and I could feel him poking away at me. He missed at least 10 times. He poked my butt cheeks and poked my crack, but nothing too close to going in. I struggled against the bonds and even tried to look up to see the progress of the melting ice. I figured I had only been bound to my stand for maybe a half an hour. I had a long time left at George's mercy.

I felt some fluid on my crack. I must have been his precum that was leaking down. He tried to thrust his cock into me only to have it slide up my crack towards my back. This went on for a minute until he jumped down. Obviously frustrated I thought he might give up. He circled me twice as if looking for another way to mount me. I meekly mumbled and asked him to go away. I no longer had any influence on him. He was horny. I was restrained. I was his toy. And as I found out, he was going to use his toy to mate and cum.

He again jumped up on my back, grabbed my waist and began thrusting into my ass. It had been lubricated with his juices and he slipped along my crack with his big cock. Then he found a good angle for him and I felt his cock right at my hole. It seemed to surprise him as much as me, because he didn't shove it in. He just froze right there. I was thinking he was going to give me the fucking of a lifetime. But he just held his cock right at my entrance. He held that cock for maybe five seconds. Then he shoved forward. Hard. I think he got it all the way in in one fell swoop. I am not sure because the pain was immense and I was literally seeing white. He didn't care. He was inside my ass. Without giving me any time to adjust he began this wild thrusting. It was powerful and it was fast. He was fucking faster than I could have thought possible. Seemingly three full strokes a

second.

I would like to tell you I grew to enjoy it, that it felt sensational. The truth is it continued to hurt like hell. My ass felt like it was being ripped apart. It didn't matter to George. I was just a bitch at that point and in his mind. The lubrication got better as I think he was still shooting precum which helped line the walls of my ass. The pain wasn't so much as close to tearing, but being stretched much more than an ass was supposed to be stretched. I was full of his cock. And I knew from reading stories about this he was also growing thicker. At least that is what it felt like. Fortunately for me, he slowed after just a few minutes. His cock was definitely thicker, but he did not knot me. I could feel him try to push his knot in, but he never succeeded. What did feel strangely good was when I felt him cum. He stopped completely and I could feel my insides get filled with a hot liquid. I could feel it very distinctly. Though I was not at all horny at this point I felt a tremendous mind fuck. Hell, I had now been fucked by a dog! Hell, I had now been raped by a dog! At least he was kind enough to make me cum before he raped me. Somehow that made it better in my mind. It is funny how your mind can rationalize things sometimes.

He continued to cum in me for a few minutes. I wasn't sure my insides had much room left for his cum. Despite the size of the cock some of his cum pushed its way out of my ass and down my legs. Even my cock and balls were soaked with his cum. Several minutes after that I could feel him begin to get restless. He was like a typical guy. Once he cums he is done and wants to get away. He started squirming on my back and managed to turn himself around. He was now pointed away from me. His paws back on the floor. He tried pulling away, but he was still firmly entrenched in my ass. I suddenly feared that neither his cock nor my ass would give. Instead what if he managed to pull me and the stand and the base across the room? My keys were set to fall in a certain place right in front of me and within reach of my hands. What if he was strong enough to move the whole contraption? I would be stuck until someone missed me and came over to check on me. What if it were my kids? My head filled up with these thoughts. But George stopped pulling. He seemed to know he was not ready to plop out of me. So he waited patiently occasionally testing the bond between us. After a few minutes he pulled one last time and he did indeed plop out. Plop is the only word that adequately describes that moment. I heard him go into the hall and lay down. I could hear him licking at himself. I am sure he was cleaning his cock. Despite all the stories I have ever read on K9 sex, George did not clean me at all. No licking up the mess he made of my ass. Nothing. Fucker.

So I laid there and waited for my keys. I guessed I still had an hour or so to go. But I really couldn't be sure. I had no clock to look at. I knew I was a fucking mess. Mentally fulfilled, physically in some pain. But in no distress. I felt a fucking smile on my face, like I was the kinkiest person on the planet. Yet this ordeal was not what I wanted. It was what George wanted. Plain and simple. I had been his bitch and I didn't feel too weird about it. Although weird enough that I have never told anyone until now. But I have the anonymity of the internet to protect me. So I guess I still haven't told anyone about it.

My pain in my ass gradually subsided to the point where I still felt stretched but empty. As my mind recalled the fucking George had giving me I became aware that my cock was again getting hard. I have almost always been a one and done kind of guy, so this was surprising to say the least. I found myself grinding again at the leather on the back of the stand. I needed to cum again despite having just been taken by my dog. I ground away but only succeeded in frustrating myself. I was hard but I could not cum. Knowing that it was not going to happen and I still had some time before I could unlock myself, I called for George as best I could. Sure, I could have waited and let the frustration build until the keys dropped. I again made a choice. George came walking into the room. I tried to encourage him to lick my poor cock. I am sure he had no clue what I was telling him to do. But he had his own ideas.

He went behind me and again jumped up onto my back. He was going to fuck me again. I heard a noise in front of me and recognized the sound of my keys falling in front of me. I grabbed them easily and started to move the keys around so that I could unlock myself. However, George started grinding his huge cock against my ass. I stopped trying to unlock myself and instead concentrated on relaxing for what I hoped was going to come. He found his mark easily this time and drove himself right into me. He grabbed my sides and basically locked himself onto me. My sides were still very tender from his first fucking. They hurt even more this time. However, my ass didn't seem to mind his intrusion. He felt powerful and began his second assault on my poor ass. There was some pain, but it did not last. It turned into pressure and I could deal with that. He fucked me furiously and my mind fuck was back and living in my brain. I realized that I was thinking for him to fuck me. Harder. Faster. I wanted him to mate me. It was so fucking naughty. My cock was hard and I was trying to push back on him. He fucked me for what seemed like a long time. I remember thinking that he was again like a typical guy. It was taking him much longer the second go round. He rested his body on top of mine while still fucking me at incredible speeds. He was drooling on my back and it was running down my shoulder and down the side of my face mingling with my own drool. I could feel his cock growing thicker and I could feel his knot right at my ass. But it was just too big to push into me. I felt like I had to pee and realized later that it was the friction he was causing by rubbing against my prostate. I ground as much as I could trying to cum. I wanted to cum with him. I desperately wanted to cum with him. I failed, but it didn't bother me. Having George fuck me and use me was all the pleasure I really needed. He slowed down again and I could feel his cum shooting into me. It was a great head rush. He was cumming in me and it felt wonderful. I felt full and I did not want it to end. George relaxed and put his full weight on me. My precious stand was now bearing all our weight. George's cock was buried inside me and was not going anywhere for the moment. I hoped he would just take all the time he needed.

After about 20 minutes he moved off me and plopped out of my ass. He retreated to clean himself again. I stayed on my stand for another 10 minutes or so. I felt weak. I felt used. I felt great. And I knew this was not going to be the last time this happened. I used my keys to unlock the handcuffs. I loosened my right strap, withdrew my arm and then reversed my ratcheting device and removed my other arm. I undid the strap holding my body to the stand. I slowly maneuvered my fingers to loosen the ball gag strap so I could pull it out of my mouth. It took all my remaining strength to push myself up to a kneeling position so that I could undo my legs straps and cuffs. Once done I crawled over to George and sat down next to him. I grabbed a nearby rag and put it under me as my ass was leaking his cum. I rubbed his head and began rubbing my straining cock. As hoped George quit cleaning himself and started licking the head of my cock. Despite already having cum the sensation was too good to not cum again in a matter of a minute. And as I shot George eagerly licked at the head to get as much of my cum as he could. My orgasm was explosive. He kept licking the head of my cock until it no longer felt good. But I let him continue to lick. I was exhausted and I had this submissive need to let him do whatever he wanted. It was as if he owned my cock and if he wanted to lick then so be it. It did not matter if it felt good or it did not. It was his decision.

When he was done and was showing no more interest in me he laid his head down and quickly drifted off to sleep. I managed to get to my feet wobbly as they were and head toward the bathroom. I sat down on the throne. I was going to take a shower, but felt too weak to take one. Instead I managed to get into my bed (with a towel under me) and took probably all of 15 seconds to fall asleep myself.

It was three hours since I first locked myself onto my stand. It was the most memorable three hours of my life.